

And after this, with sterne and cruel herte,
His swerd anon out of his shethe he twichte,
Himself to sleen, how sore that him smerte,
So that his sowe hir sowe folwen mighte,
Theras the doom of Mynos wolde it dighte;
Sin love and cruel fortune it ne wolde,
That in this world he lenger liven sholde.

Thanne seyde he thus, fulfild of heigh desdayn:
O cruel Jove, and thou, fortune adverse,
This al and som, that falsly have ye slayn
Criseyde, and sin ye may do me no werse,
fy on your might and werkes so diverse!
Thus cowardly ye shul me never winne;
Ther shal no deeth me fro my lady twinne.

for I this world, sin ye han slayn hir thus,
Wol lete, and folowe hir spirit lowe or hye;
Shal never lover seyn that Troilus
Dar not, for fere, with his lady dye;
for certeyn, I wol bere hir companye.
But sin ye wol not suffre us liven here,
Yet suffreth that our soules ben yfere.

And thou, citee, whiche that I leve in wo,
And thou, Pryam, and bretheren al yfere,
And thou, my moder, farewell! for I go;
And Attropos, make redy thou my bere!
And thou, Criseyde, o swete herte dere,
Receyve now my spirit! wolde he seye,
With swerd at herte, al redy for to deye.

But as God wolde, of swough therwith she
abreyde,
And gan to syke, and Troilus she cryde;
And he answerde: Lady myn Criseyde,
Live ye yet? and leet his swerd down glyde.
Ye, herte myn, that thanked be Cypide!
Quod she, and therwithal she sore sighte;
And he bigan to glade hir as he mighte;

Took hir in armes two, and kiste hir ofte,
And hir to glade he dide al his entente;
for which hir goost, that flikered ay onlofte,
Into hir woful herte ayein it wente.
But at the laste, as that hir eyen glente
Asyde, anon she gan his swerd aspye,
As it lay bare, and gan for fere crye,

And asked him, why he it hadde outdrawe?
And Troilus anon the cause hir tolde,
And how himself therwith he wolde have slawe.
for which Criseyde upon him gan biholde,
And gan him in hir armes faste folde,
And seyde: O mercy, God, lo, which a dede!
Alas! how neigh we were bothe dede!

Thanne if I ne hadde spoken, as grace was,
Ye wolde han slayn yourself anon? quod she.
Ye, douteles. And she answerde: Alas!
for, by that ilke Lord that made me,
I nolde a forlong wey onlyve han be,
After your deeth, to han be crowned quene
Of al the lond the sonne on shyneth shene.

But with this selve swerd, which that here is,
Myself I wolde have slayn! quod she tho;
But ho, for we han right ynow of this,
And late us ryse and streight to bedde go,
And there lat us speken of our wo,
for, by the morter which that I see brenne,
Knowe I ful wel that day is not fer henne.

Whan they were in hir bedde, in armes folde,
Nought was it lyk tho nightes herebiforn;
for pitously ech other gan biholde,
As they that hadden al hir blisse ylom,
Biwaylinge ay the day that they were born.
Til at the last this sorwful wight Criseyde
To Troilus these ilke wordes seyde:

Lo, herte myn, wel wot ye this, quod she,
That if a wight alwey his wo compleyne,
And seketh nought how holpen for to be,
It nis but folye and encrees of peyne;
And sin that here assembled be we tweyne
To finde bote of wo that we ben inne,
It were al tyme sone to biginne.

I am a womman, as ful wel ye woot,
And as I am avysed sodeynly,
So wol I telle yow, whyl it is hoot.
Me thinketh thus, that neither ye nor I
Oughte half this wo to make skilfully,
for there is art ynow for to redresse
That yet is mis, and sleen this hevynesse.

Sooth is, the wo, the whiche that we ben inne,
for ought I woot, for nothing elles is
But for the cause that we sholden twinne.
Considered al, ther nis no more amis.
But what is thanne a remede unto this,
But that we shape us sone for to mete?
This al and som, my dere herte swete.

Now that I shal wel bringen it aboute
To come ayein, sone after that I go,
Therof am I no maner thing in doute.
for dredeles, withinne a wouke or two,
I shal ben here; and, that it may be so
By alle right, and in a wordes fewe,
I shal yow wel an heap of weyes shewe.

for which I wol not make long sermoun,
for tyme ylost may not recovered be;
But I wol gon to my conclusioun,
And to the beste, in ought that I can see.
And, for the love of God, foryeve it me
If I speke ought ayein your hertes reste;
for trewely, I speke it for the beste;

Makinge alwey a protestacioun,
That now these wordes, whiche that I shal seye,
Nis but to shewe yow my mocoun,
To finde unto our helpe the beste weye;
And taketh it non other wyse, I preye.
for in effect whatso ye me comaunde,
That wol I doon, for that is no demaunde.

Now herkeneth this, ye han wel understonde
My going graunted is by parlement
So ferforth, that it may not be withstonde
for al this world, as by my judgement.
And sin ther helpeth noon avysement
To letten it, lat it passe out of minde;
And lat us shape a bettre wey to finde.

The sothe is, that the twinninge of us tweyne
Wol us disese and cruelliche anoye.
But him bihoveth somtyme han a peyne,
That serveth love, if that he wol have joye.
And sin I shal no ferthere out of Troye
Than I may ryde ayein on half a morwe,
It oughte lasse causen us to sorwe.

So as I shal not so ben hid in muwe,
That day by day, myn owene herte dere,
Sin wel ye woot that it is now a truwe,
Ye shul ful wel al myn estat yhere.
And er that truwe is doon, I shal ben here,
And thanne have ye bothe Antenor ywonne
And me also; beth glad now, if ye conne;

And thenk right thus: Criseyde is now agoon,
But what! she shal come hastily ayeyn.
And whanne, alas? by God, lo, right anon,
Er dayes ten, this dar I sauily seyn.
And thanne at erste shul we been so fayn,
So as we shulle togederes ever dwelle,
That al this world ne mighte our blisse telle.

I see that ofte, theras we ben now,
That for the beste, our conseil for to hyde,
Ye speke not with me, nor I with yow
In fourtenight; ne see yow go ne ryde.
May ye not ten dayes thanne abyde,
for myn honour, in swich an aventure?
Ywis, ye mowen elles lite endure!

Ye knowe eek how that al my kin is here,
But if that onliche it my fader be;
And eek myn othere thinges alle yfere,
And nameliche, my dere herte, ye,
Whom that I nolde leven for to see
for al this world, as wyd as it hath space;
Or elles, see ich never Joves face!

Why trowe ye my fader in this wyse
Coveiteth so to see me, but for drede
Lest in this toun that folkes me dispyse
Bycause of him, for his unhappy dede?
What woot my fader what lyf that I lede?
for if he wiste in Troye how wel I fare,
As neded for my wending nought to care.

Ye seen that every day eek, more and more,
Men trete of pees; and it supposed is,
That men the quene Eleyne shal restore,
And Grekes us restore that is mis.
So though ther nere comfort noon but this,
That men purposen pees on every syde,
Ye may the bettre at ese of herte abyde.

for if that it be pees, myn herte dere,
The nature of the pees mot nedes dryve
That men moste entrecomunen yfere,
And to and fro eek ryde and gon as blyve
Alday as thikke as been fleen from an hyve;
And every wight han libertee to bleve
Wheras him list the bet, withouten leve.

And though so be that pees ther may be noon,
Yet hider, though ther never pees ne were,
I moste come; for whider sholde I goon,
Or how mischaunce sholde I dwelle there
Among tho men of armes ever in fere?
for which, as wisly God my soule rede,
I can not seen wherof ye sholden drede.

Have here another wey, if it so be
That al this thing ne may yow not suffyse.
My fader, as ye knowen wel, pardee,
Is old, and elde is ful of coveityse.
And I right now have founden al the gyse,
Withoute net, wherwith I shal him hente;
And herkeneth how, if that ye wole assente.

Lo, Troilus, men seyn that hard it is
The wolf ful, and the wether hool to have;
This is to seyn, that men ful ofte, ywis,
Mot spenden part, the remenaunt for to save.
for ay with gold men may the herte grave
Of him that set is upon coveityse;
And how I mene, I shal it yow devyse.

The moeble which that I have in this toun
Unto my fader shal I take, and seye,
That right for trust and for savacioun
It sent is from a freend of his or tweye,
The whiche freendes ferventliche him preye
To senden after more, and that in hye,
Whyl that this toun stant thus in jupartye.

And that shal been an huge quantitee,
Thus shal I seyn, but, lest it folk aspyde,
This may be sent by no wight but by me;
I shal eek shewen him, if pees bityde,
What frendes that ich have on every syde
Toward the court, to doon the wrathe pace
Of Priamus, and doon him stonde in grace.

So, what for o thing and for other, swete,
I shal him so enchaunten with my sawes,
That right in hevne his sowe is, shal he mete!
for al Appollo, or his clerkes lawes,
Or calculinge awayleth nought three hawes;
Desyr of gold shal so his sowe blende,
That, as me lyst, I shal wel make an ende.

And if he wolde ought by his sort it preve
If that I lye, in certayn I shal fonde
Distorben him, and plukke him by the sleve,
Makinge his sort, and beren him on honde,
He hath not wel the goddes understonde.
for goddes speken in amphibologies,
And, for a sooth, they tellen twenty lyes.